## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SLAVE GIRL. INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A SLAVE GIRL. Written by Herself. Edited by L. Marta Child. 12mo. pp. 363. Boston: Published for the Author.

The mixture of romance and reality which often enters largely into the composition of the ographical sketches intended to illustrate the social and domestic character of Slavery, has areated a certain prejudice against the whole of his kind of literature in the minds of a very onsiderable portion of the community. There is oo obvious an endeavor after melo-dramatic feet; many of the high-colored scenes have little air of probability; isolated fragments of experience are curiously combined into what is meant for an impressive unity; feelings and language are ascribed to the subjects which are too decidedly out of keeping with their condition to command the belief even of the most facile credulity. The volume before us, we are happy to find, is remarkably free from the faults to which we have alluded. In point of naturalness of tone, sincerity of expression, and simplicity of narrative, it is scarcely open to objection even from fastidious renders. Nor is it infected by the fatal monotony which can scarcely be avoided in an bonest story of oppression on the one hand, and of suffering on the other; but, on the contrary. ach of its manifold scenes has an interest of its own, casting a fresh and vivid light on the relation of master and slave, as it exists in our own country. The author is a native of North Carolina; she was born in bondage, from which she made her escape at the age of twentyseven; and for eighteen years has lived in the family of an eminent literary man in the vicinity of New-York, from whose svile she bears the highest testimonials to her capacity and most worth. The volume has been written at the old hours which could be soutched from household deties, and is now published with the North to a sense of the condition of two millions of women at the South still in bondage."

In Mrs. Chfid's appropriate Introduction to the Autobiography, she remarks, that in revision manuscript for the press, she has made only such changes as were mecessary for purposes of condensation and orderly arrangement, adding othing to the incidents, and with triffing excepons, retaining the ideas and the language of the writer. The following paragraphs more directly edicate the character of the volume, and the purpose of its publication:

purpose of its publication:

It will naturally excite earprise that a woman reared in Shavery should be able to write so well. But circumstances will explain this. In the first place, Nature endowed her with quick perceptions. Secondly, the matrees, with whom she lived till she was twelve years old, was a kind, considerate friend, who taught her to read and spell. Thirdly, she was placed in avorable circumstances after she came to the North; having frequent intercourse with intelligent persons, who felt a friendly interest in her well me, and were disposed to give her opportunities for self improvement. I am well aware that many will accore me of indecorum for presenting these pages to the public; for the experiences of this intelligent and much injured woman belong to a class which some call delicate subjects, and others indelicate. This peculiar phase of Slavery has senerally been kept vailed; but the public ought to be made acquainted with its monstrous features, and I willingly take the responsibility of presenting them with the vail withdrawn. I do this for the sake of any sisters in bondage, who are suffering wrongs so

rely picture of the childhood of the writer, and a good specimen of her descriptive talent:

I a good specimen of her descriptive talent:
I was born a slave; but I never knew it till six
hars of happy childhood had passed away. My
sther was a carpenter, and considered so intelligent
and skillful in his trade that, when buildings out of
be-common line were to be erected, he was sent for
rom long distances to be head workman. On conlition of paying his mistress \$250 a year and supporting himself, he was allowed to work at his trade and
sunge his own admir. His streament with baccoeded. In complexion my parents were a light abase of brownish yellow, and were termed mulattoes. They lived together in a comfortable home; and, though we were all slaves, I was so fondly shielded that I never dreamed I was a piece of merchandes, trusted to them for safe kreping, and liable to the demanded of them at any moment. I had one brother, william, who was two years younger that myself—a bright, affectionate child. I had also a great treasure in my maternal grandmother, who was a remarkable woman in many respects. She was the daughter of a planter in South Carolina, who, at his death, left her imother and his three children free, with money to go in my material grandmother, who was a remarkable moman in many respects. She was the daughter of a planter in South Carolina, who, at his death, left her mother and his three children free, with money to go to St. Augustine, where they has relatives. It was during the Revolutionary War; and they were captured on their passage, carried back, and sold to different purchasers. Such was the story my grandmother used to tell me; but I do not remember all the particulars. She was a little girl when she was captured and sold to the keeper of a large botel. I have often heard her tell how hard she fured during child-bood. But as she grew obler she evinced to much intelligence, and was so faithful that her master and mistress could not help seeing it was for their interest to take care of such a valuable piece of property. She became an indisposable personage in the household, officiating in all capacities, from cock and wet nure to camatress. She was much praised for her cooking; and her nice crackers became so famous in the neighborhood that many people were desirous of obtaining them. In consequence of numerous requests of this tind, she asked permission of her mistress to bake rackers at hight, after all the household work was sone; and she obtained leave to do it, provided she rould clothe herself and her children from the profite. Spon these terms, after working hand all day for ler mistress, she began her midnight bakings, seisted by her two oldest children. The business woved profitshle; and each year she laid by a little, which was saved for a tund to purchase her children. Her master died, and the property was divided among her moster's children. As she had five, Benjamin, the youngest one, was sold, in which she continued to seep obes. May grandmother remained in her service as a clave, but her children were divided among her master's children. As she had five, Benjamin, the youngest one, was sold, in der that each test might have an equal port in of collars and cestes. There was so little difference in our ages that he seemed more like my brother than my made. He was a bright, handsone had, nearly white. For he inherited the complexion any grandmother had derived from Anglo-Saxon ancestors. Though only ten years old, \$720 was paid for him. His sale was a terrible blow to my grandmother; but she was naturally hopeful, and she went to work with renewed energy, trusting in time to be able to purchase some of her calldren. She had had up \$500, which her mistress one day begged as a loon, promising to pay none of her calldren. She had hid up \$300, which her mistrees one day begged as a loan, prouding to pay her soon. The reader probably knows that he promise or writing given to a clave is leg-lly binding; for, according to Southern laws, a slave, temp property, can hold no property. When my grandmother lent her hard earnings to her mistress, soe trusted solely to her honor. The honor of a slavebudder to a slave!

To this good grandmother I was indepted for many comforts. My brother Willie and I often received pertions of the crackers, cakes, and preserves, the made to sell; and after we ceased to be collidren, we were indepted to her for many more important

was not le and womanly. I grieved for her, and my young mind was troubled with the thought who would now take care of me and my little brother. I was told that my home was now to be with her mistress; and I found it a happy one. No toilsome or disagreeable duttes were imposed upon me. My mistress was so kind to me that I was always glad to do her bidding, and proud to labor for her as much as my young years would permit. I would sit by her side for hours, see sing children, with a heart as free from care as that of any free-born white child. When she thought I was thred, she would send me out to run and jump; and away I bounded, to gather berries or flowers to decorate her room. Those were happy days—too happy to last. The slave child had no thought for the morrow; but there came that blight, which too sarely waits on every human being born to be a chattel.

be a chattel.

When I was nearly twelve years old, my kind mistress sickened and died. As I saw the check grow
paler, and the eye more glazay, how earnestly I prayed
in my heart that she might live! I loved her; for she
had been almost like a mother to me. My prayers were
not answered. She died, and they baried her in the
little churchyard, where, day after day, my tears fell
upon her anye.

I was sent to spend a week with my grandmother. I was sent to spend a week with my grandmother.
I was now old enough to begin to think of the future; and again and again I asked myself what they would do with me. I felt sure I should never find another mistress so kind as the one who was gone. She had promised my dying mother that her children should never suffer for anything; and when I remembered that, and recalled her many proof of attachment to never suffer for anything; and when I rendement to that, and recalled her many proofs of attachment to me, I could not help laving some hopes that she had left me free. My friends were almost certain it would be so. Teey thought she would be sure to do it, on account of my nother's love and faithful service. But, alies! we all know that the memory of a faithful slave does not avail much to save her children from the acc-

does not avail much to save her children from the acction block.

After a brief period of suspense, the will of my mistrees was read, and we learned that she had bequeathed me to her sister's daughter, a child of five years old. So vanished our hopes. My mistress had taught me the precepts of God's Word: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "Whateever ye would that mea should do unto you, do ye even so much them." But I was her slave, and I suppose she did not recognize me as her neighbor. I would give much to blot out from my memory that one great wrong. As a child, I loved my mistress; and, looking back on the chappy days I spent with her, I try to think with less bitterness of this act of injustice. While I was with her, she taught me to read and spell; and for this privilege, which so rarely falls to the lot of a slave, I blees her memory.

legs, which so rarely falls to the lot of a slave, I bree her memory.

She possessed but few slaves; and at her death those were all distributed among her relatives. Five of them were my grandmother's children, and had shared the same nails that nourished her mother's children. Notwithenning my grandmother's long and faithful service to her owners, not one of her children escaped the faction black. These God-breathing machines are no more, in the sight of their masters, than the cotton they planter the serves they tend.

We extract the following sketches, which give

not a very attractive illustration of the advant-

not a very attractive illustration of the advantages of phantation life:

There was a planter in the country, not far from us, whom I will call Mr. Litch. He was an ill-bred, unedacated man, but very wealthy. He had six hundred slaves, many of whom he did not know by sight. His extensive plantation was managed by well-paid overseers. There was a jail and a whipping-post on his grounds; and whatever cruelties were perpetrated there they passed without commers. He was so effectually screened by his great wealth that he was called to no account for his crimes, not even for marrier.

there they passed without comment. He was so effectually screened by his great wealth that he was salled to no account for his crimes, not even for marder. Various were the punishments resorted to. A favorite one was to tie a rope round a man's body, and suspend him from the ground. A fire was kindled over him, from which was suspended a piece of lat pork. As this cooked, the scalding drops of fat continually foil on the bare flesh. On his own plantation he required very strict obedience to the eighth commandment. But depredations on the neighbors were allowable, provined the calprit managed to evade detection or suspicion. If a neighbor brought a charge of theft against any of his slaves he was browbeaten by the master, who assured him that his slaves had enough of everything at home, and had no inducement to steal. No sconer was the reighbor's back turned than the accused was sought out, and whipped for his lack of discretion. If a clave stole from him even a pound of ment or a peck of corn, it detection followed, he was put in chains and imprisoned, and so kept till his form was attenuated by hunger and suffering.

A freshet once bore this wine-cellar and ment-house miles away from the plantation. Some slaves followed, and secured bits of meat and bottles of wine. Two were detected; a ham and some liquor being found in their huts. They were summoned by their master. No words were used, but a club felled them to the ground. A rough box was their coffin, and their interment was a dog's burial. Nothing was said.

Murder was so commen on his plantation that be feared to be alone after nightfall. He might have believed in ghoets.

friends. His last words were: "I sm going to helt; bury my money with me."

After death his eyes remained open. To press the lids down, silver dollars were laid on them. These were buried with him. From this circomstance a runor went abroad that his coffin was filled with money. Three times his grave was opened, and his coffin taken out. The last time his body was found at the ground and afock of buzzaria were making on the ground, and a flock of buzzarus were per at it. He was again interred, and a sentinel act his grave. The perpetrators were never discovered.

Crucky is contagious in uncivilized communities. Mr. Commun, a neighbor of Mr. Lach, returned from town one evenus in a partial state of intext ation. His bady servant gave him some offense. He was divested of his clockes, except his shirts, whipped, and tied too large tree in front of the house. It was a stormy night in Winter. The wind blow bitterly cold, and the boughs of the old tree crackled under falling sheet. A member of the family, fearing he would feezze to feath, begged that he might be taken down; but the master would not relent. He remained there there here; and, when he was cut down, he was more dead than aftire. Another slave, who stote a pig from his master, to appease his hanger, was terrily fiegged. In desperation, he tried to ran away. But at the end of two miles, he was so faint wish the loss of blood, he thought he was dying. He had a wife, and kness. When he reached his master's, it was night. He had not strength to rise and open the gate. He amound, and tried to call for lesls. I had a friend living in the came family. At last his cry reac ed her. She ran back to the house for assistance, and two men returned with her. They carried him in, and hid him on the floor. The back of his shirt was one clot of blood. By means of hurd, my friend loosened it from tho raw flests. She bandaged him, gave him could faile, and left thin to rest. The master said he desarced a hundred more habres. When his own labor was stolen from him, he had stolen food to appease his hunger. This was his crime.

Another neighbor was a Mrs. Wede. At no hour of the day was there exessation of the lash on her pranticalty place of tertune. There she hashed the claves with the might of a man. An old shave of hers one said to me, "It is hell in missis in house. There is also the clave with the might of a man. An old shave of her annever get out. Day and night I prays to die."

The mistrees died before the old woman, and, when dowing cutrented her husband not to permit any o

to his feet, then washed with strong brine, to prevent the flesh from mertilying, and make it heal sconer than it otherwise would. He was then put into the cotton gin, which was screwed down, only allowing him coun to turn on his side when he could not lie on his from to turn on his side when he could not lie on his back. Every morning a slave was sent with a piece of bresd and bowl of water, which were placed with in rach of the poor fellow. The slave was charged, under penalty of severe punishment, not to speak to

which we have continued to carry the bread and water. On the second merning, he found the bread gone, but the water untouched. When he had been in the press four days and five nights, the slave informed his master that the water had not been used for four mornings, and that a horrible stench came from the gin house. The overseer was sent to examine into it. When the press was unscrewed, the dead body was found partly eaten by rate and vernin Perhaps the rate that devoured his bread had gnawed him before life was extinct. Poor Charity! Grandmother and I often asked each other how her affectionate heart would bear the news, if she should ever hear of the murder of her son. We had known her husband, and knew that James was like him is manh; ess and intelligence. These were the qualities that made it so hard for him to be a plantation slave. They put him into a rough box, and boried him with less feeling than would have been manifested for an old house dog. Nobody asked any questione. He was a slave; and the feeling was that the master had a right to do what he pleased with his own property. And what did he care for the value of a slave! He had hundreds of them. When they had finished their cail toil they must burry to eat their little morrels, and be ready to extinguish their pine knots before 9 o'clock, when the overseer went his patrol rounds. He entered every cabin, to see that men and their wives had gone to bed to ether, lest the men, from over fatigue, should fall asleep in the chimney corner, and remain there till the morning horn called them to their daily task. Women are considered of no value, unless they continually increase their owner's slock. They are put on a par with animals. This same master shot a woman through the head, who had run away and been brought back to him. No one ca'led him to account for it. If a slave re-isset being whipped, the blo dhounds were unpacked, and set upon him, to tear his flesh from his bence. The master who did these tuings was highly educated, and styled a perfect gent Four days passed, and the slave continued to carry

lower.

I could tell of more slaveholders as cruel as those I have described. They are not exceptions to the general rule. I do not say there are no humano slaveholders. Such characters do exist, notwithstanding the hardening influences around them. But they are "like angel a visits—few and far between."

The account of the writer's escape from Slavery. and her personal history after gaining her free dom, are detailed in an interesting manner, and cannot fail to awaken the sympathy of the reader with the fortunes of one who has borne such heavy trials with so brave a heart.

MISS EVANS'S NEW NOVEL. SILAS MARNER; THE WEATER OF RATEIOR. By the Author of "Adam Bede." "The Mill on the Flore," &c. 12mo., pp. 265. Harper & Brothers.

Although this volume must be regarded rather as a study, than as a finished artistic composition, it exhibits numerous traces of the same masterly hand which is visible in the former productions of the gitted authoress. Its materials are drawn from the observation of human nature in the very humblest forms of social life; no glittering vail of poetry is thrown around the hard and repulsive features which make the foreground of the picture; but the workings of strange passion are laid bare with a fidelity peculiar to the writer; and even the most improbable external conditions assume an air of vital real ty, beneath the enchantments of her marvelous pen.

Sdas Warper is first brought on the stage as a weird, mysterious personage, plying his trade of inen-weaver in a solitary stone cottage, near the pleasant homesteads and thriving farm-house of a rimitive village in the center of England.

primitive village in the center of England.

It was fifteen years since Silas Marner had first come to Reveloe; he was then simply a palled young man, with preminent, short-sighted brown eyes, whose appearance would have nothing strange for people of average culture and experience, but for the villagers near whom he had come to settle it had mysterious peculiarities which corresponded with the exceptional nature of his occupation, and his advent from an unknown region called "North and." So had his way gilfer—le invited no comer chatep across his door-sill, and he never strolled into the village to drink a pint at the Kainbow, or to goosip at the wheelwrightes be sought no man or woman, save for the purposes of his calling, or in order to supply bimself with necessaries; and it was soon clear to the Raveloe lasses that he would never urge any of them to accept him against her will—quite as it he had heard them declare that they would sever marry a dead man come to life again. This view of Marner's personality was not without another ground than his pule face and unexampled eyes; for Jem Rodney, the mole-catcher, averred that, one evening as he was retorning homeward, he saw Silas Marner leaning against a stile with a heavy bag on his back, instead of rearing the bag on the stile as a man in his senses would have done; and that, on coming up to him, he saw that Manuer's eyes were set like a dead man's, and he spoke to him, and shook him, and his lance were stiff, and his hands clutched the heav as if they'd been made of iron; but just as he bim, and his limbs were stiff, and his hands clutched the bag as if they'd been made of iron; but just as he had made up his mind that the weaver was dead, he came all right again, like, as you might say, in the winking of an eye, and said, "Good-night," and walked off.

It seems that this extraordinary weaver, before making his appearance in Ravelce, bad been the entject of experiences which made him distrust the whole world, and at once obscured his hopes of heaven and his happiness on earth. He was a member of one of the parrow religious sects, which were greatly affected by the arti sens of his time, filling their heads with conceit and their bearts with bitterness, while their hands were busy with the labors of their vocation. Marner was a shiping light in the little hidden world known as the church assembling in Lantern Yard; he was regarded as a young man of ardent faith and exemplary life; and a peculiar interest had gathered around him since he fell, one day, at a prayer-meeting, into a preternatural rigidity and suspension of conscioueness, which, lasting for more than an hour, had been mistaken for death. The effect of this visitation, whether outward trance or spiritual vision, was seen in an accession of grace and fervor. At length his high estate was brought low, his honors were laid in the dust; he was falsely accused of a great crime; his brethree believed him guilty. He was solemnly suspended from church-worship, and, protesting in his innocence, he left his companions and his home, with that despair in his soul, that shaken trust in God and man, which to a meek and confiding nature hke his, was little short of madness. The change in his condition, when he left his own country and people, and came to settle in Raveloe is-de-

scribed in the following graphic paragraphs:

Nothing could be more unlike his native town, set with a sight of the wide-spread hill-idee, than this low, wooded region, where he felt hidden even from the heavens by the screening trees and hedgerows. There was nothing here, when he rose in the deep morning quiet a d looked out on the dewy brambles and make tuffied grass, that seemed to have any relation with that life centering in Lantern Yand, which had once been to him the altar-place or high dispensations. The whitewashed walls; the little pews where well-known figures entered with a subdued rustling, and where first one well-known voice and then another, pitched in a peculiar key of polition, attered phrases at once occult and familiar, like the smulet worn on the heart; the pulpit where the minister delivared unquestioned doctrine, and swayed to and fro, and handled the book in a long-accustomed manner; the very pauses between the couplets of the hymn, as it was given out, and the recurrent swell of voices in song; these things had been the channel of divine influences to Marner—they were the fostering home of his religious emotions—they were Christianity and God's kingdom upon earth. A weaver who finds hard words in his hymn-book knews nothing about abstractions; as the little child knews nothing of parental lave, but only knows one face and one lap toward which it stretches its arms for refuge and nurture. scribed in the following graphic paragraphs:

And what could be more uplike that Lantern Yard

their own doors in service-time; the purple-faced farmers jogging along the lanes or turning in at the Rainbow; homesteads, where men supped heavily and slept in the light of the evening hearth, and where women seemed to be laying up a stock of linen for the life to come. There were no lips in Raveloe from which a word could fall that would stir Silas Marner's benumbed faith to a sense of pain. In the early ages of the world, we know, it was believed that each territory was inhabited and ruled by its own divinities, so that a man could crose the bordering hights and be out of the reach of his native gods, whose presence was confined to the streams and the grows and the hills among which he had lived from his birth. And poor Silas was veguely constious of something not unlike the feeling of primitive men, when they fied thes, in fear or in sullenness, from the face of an unpropitious deity. It seemed to him that the Power in which he had vainly trusted among the streets and in the prayer-meetings, was very far away from this land in which he had taken refuge, where men lived in careless abundance, knowing and needing nothing of that trust, which, for him, had been turned to bit terness. The little light he possessed spread its beams on narrowly, that frustrated belief was a curtain broad en ugh to create for him the blacknoss of night.

His first movement after the shock had been to work on his loon; and he went on with this unremittingly, never asking himself why, now he has come to Raveloe, he worked far on into the hight to finish the tale of Mrs. Orgood's table-linen sconer than she expected—without contemplating beforehand the money she would put into his hand for the work. He seemed to weave, like the spider, from pure impulse, without reflection. Every asan's work, pursued steadily, tooks in this way to become an end in itself, and so to br dge over the loveless chasms of his hife. Silae's hand sailsfied itself with throwing the shuttle, and his eye with seeing the little squares in the cloth complete the

His first earnings in Raveloe aroused a new passion in his heart—the love of gold. For the only time in his life, he had five bright guineas put into his hand; and from that moment the love of accumulation became a menomania with the melancholy weaver. He was well paid for his labor; money came in apace; the guineas, the crowns, and the balf-crowns gradually grew to a heap. His highest delight was to see the heaps of tin grow iuto a square, and then into a larger square; every added guinea, while it gave a new satisfaction, bred a new desire; he handled them, he counted them, he gazed or them, till their form and color produced an emotion of ecstacy. In order to guard his treasure, although he had no distinct fear of being robbed, he had taken up some bricks in his floor, underpeath his loom, and here he made a hole in which he set the iron pot that contained his guineas and his silver coins, covering the bricks with sand whenever be replaced them.

guinens and his silver coins, covering the bricks with sand whenever he replaced them.

This is the history of Silas Marner until the fifteenth year after he came to Ravoloe. The livelong day he sai in his hom, his ear filted with its monotony, his eyes bent close down on the slow growth of sameness in the trownish web, his muscles moving with such even repetition that their pame seemed almost as much a constraint as the fielding of his treath. But at night came his revelry: at night he closed his shutters, and made fast his doors, and drew out his gold. Long ago the heap of coins had become too large for the from pot to hold them, and he had made for them two thick leather bags, which wasted to room in their resting-place, but lent themselves flexibly to every corner. How the guineas shone as they came pearing out of the dark leather moaths! The silver bore no large proportion in amount to the gold, because the long pieces of flinen which formed his chief work were always partly paid for in gold, and out of the silver he saiplied his own bodily wants, choosing always the shiftings and sispences to spend in this way. He leved the guineas best, but he would not change the silver—the crowns and half-crowns that were his own carnings, begotten by his labor; he loved them all. He spread them out in heaps and bathed his hands in them; then he counted them and set them up in regular piles, and folt their roomed outline between his thumb and fingers; and thought fondly of the guineas that were coming all why through the coming years, through all his life, which spread far away before him, the end quite hidden by the work in his loom, as if they had been unborn cliddren—thought of the guineas that were coming all why through the coming years, through all his life, which spread far away before him, the end quite hidden by constless days of weaving. No wonder his thoughts were still with his loom and his money when he made his journeys through the fields and the lanes to fetch and carry home his work, so that his steps n

The head villain of the story is now introduced in glowing colors, and it is not long before the train is laid which we clearly see is to terminate in relieving the miserable Silas of his superfluous treasure. It is not necessary to explain the details of the plot by which this is accomplished. but the picture of wee and despair, on the discovery of the weaver that his hoard had been rifled, is too striking to be omitted.

is too striking to be omitted.

When Dunstan Case turned his back on the cottage, Sikas Marieer was not more than a hondred yaids away from it, plodding along from the village with a sack thrown round his shoulders as an over-coat, and with a hore lastern in his hand. His legs were weary, but his misd was at suce, free from the presentiments of change. The sense of security more frequently springs from habit than from conviction, and for this reason it often subsists after such a change in the conditions as might have been expected to suggest alarm. The lapse of time during which a given event has not happened, is, in this logic of babit, constantly alleged as a reason why the event should never happen, even when the lapse of time is precisely the added condition which makes the event imminent. A man will tell you that he has worked in a mine for forty years unburt by an accident, as a reason why he should apprehend no danger, though the roof is beginning to stak; and it is often observable, that the older a man gets, the more difficult it is to him to retain a believing conception of his own death. This influence of habit was necessarily strong in a man whose life was so monotonous as Marner's—who saw no new people and heard of no new events to keep alive in him the idea of the unexpected and the change-ful; and it explains, simply enough, why his mind could be at case, though he had left his house and his treasure more defenseless than usual. Silas was thinking with double complacency on his supper: first, because it would cost him nothing. For the little bit of pork was a present from that excellent housewife, Miss Priscilla Lammeter, to whom he had this day carried home a handsome piece of linen; and it was only on occasio of a present like this, that silas indulged himself with reast meat. Supper was his favorite meal, because it came at his time of revelry, when his heart warmed over his gold; whenever be had roast meat, he always chose to have it for supper. But this even ing, he had no sooner ingeniousl When Dunstan Caes terroed his back on the cottage lattern and his old sack, he set out on what, in ordinary weather, would have been a twenty minutes errord: He could not have locked his door without undoing his well-knotted string and retarding his supper; it was not worth his while to make that sacrifice. What thief would find his way to the Stone-pits on such a night as this? and why should be come on this particular night, when he had never come through all the twelve years before? These questions were not distinctly present in Silas's mind; they merely serve to represent the vaguely-felt soundation of his freedom from anxiety.

He reached his door in much satisfaction that his everand was done; he opened it, and to his short sighted

He reached his door in much satisfaction that his errand was done; he opened it, and to his short-sighted eves everything remained as he had left it, except that the fire sent out a welcome increase of heat. He trod about the floor while putting by his lantern and throwing naide his hat sad sack, so as to merge the marks of Dunstan's feet on the said in the marks of his own nailed boots. Then he moved his pork nearer to the

fire, and sat down to the agreeable business of tending the meat and warming himself at the same time.

Any one who had looked at him as the red light shone upon his pale face, strange, straining eyes, and meager form, would perhaps have understood the mixture of contemptuous pity, dread and suspicion with which he was regarded by his neighbors in Raveloe. Yet few men could be more harmless than poor Marner. In his truttful, simple soul, not even the growing greed and worship of gold could beget any vice directly injurious to others. The light of his faith quite put out, and his affections made desclate, he had dung with all the force of his nature to his work and his money; and, like all objects to which a man devotes bimself, they had fashioued him into a rrespondence with themselves. His boom, as he wrought in it without cessing, had in its turn wrought on him, and confirmed more and more the monotonous craving for its monotonous response. His gold, as he hung over it and saw it grow, gathered his power of leving together into a bard isolation like its own.

As soon as le was warm he began to think it would be a long while to wait till after supper before he drew out his guineas, and it would be pleasant to see them on the table before him as he ate his unwonted feast. For joy is the beat of wine, and Silas's guineas were a golden wine of that sort.

He rose and placed his candle unsuspectingly on the floor near his loom, swept away the sand without noting any change, and removed the bricks. The sight of the empty hole made his heart leap violently, but the belief that his gold was gone could not come at once—only terror, and the rager effort to put an end to the terror. He passed his trembil g hand all about the hole, trying to think it possible that his eyes had deceived him; then he held the candle in the hole and examined it curiously, trambling more and more. At last he shock so violently that he let fall the candle, and lifted his hands to his head, trying to stendy himself, that he might thick. Had he

all round the fole. There was a surrice relage to the for a moment's shelter from the terrible truth.

Yes, there was a sort of refuge which always comes with the prostration of thought under an overpowering passion: it was that expectation of impossibilities, that belief in contradictory images, which is still distinct from madness, because it is capable of being dissipated by the external fact. Silns got up from his knees trembling, and looked round at the table; didn't the gold lie there after all? The table was bare. Then he turned and looked behind him—looked all round his dwelling—resming to strain his brown eyes after some possible appearance of the bags, where he had already sought them in vain. He could see every object in his cottage—and his gold was not there.

Again be put his trembling hands to his head, and gave a wild ringing scream, the cry of devolation. For a few moments after, he stood motionless; but the cry bad relieved him from the first macdening pressure of the truth. He turned, and tottered toward his loom, and got into the sent where he worked, instinctively seeking this as the strongest assurance of reality.

The process by which Silas is at length re-

deemed from utter mental devastation, though far-fetched and unpatural, is managed with singular adroitness, and introduces an element of tender human interest, which admirably tempers the gloom and rigidness of the previous portion of the narrative. An orphan infant, whose mother had perished by the roadway from cold and exposure, in a fit of intoxication, creeps in the stormy night to Marners Cottage, and, strange to say, is kindly welcomed by the astonished old man, who at length finds in her the solace of which he had been deprived in his guineas. She becomes a member of the cheerless household: Silas cares for her with the love of a father and mother both; she repays him with the fondest attachment of childish affection, and as she grows up, surrounds him with the gentle and beautiful luences of a devoted daughter. Nothing could tempt her to swerve from her pious loyalty; she clings to the mysterious weaver, to the rejection of her own father who is opportunely discovered in the great man of the village; and finally accepte the promise of youthful fore on the condition that her fortunes are still to be shared by Silas Marner. The relation between those two strongly contrasted personages presents an ample opportunity for the subtle analysis of character in which the pen of the author is so completely at home. The gradual emerging of Marner from a state of unconscious misanthropy to the exercise of the finest affections of humanity is followed up with consummate skill, almost giving a color of romance to the withered, sapless, shattered image of the woe-begone weaver. Not a few happy touches, illustrative of village life, are scattered throughout the volume, though the interest of the story is confined within a narrow circle of persons.

THE UNIVERSITY QUARTERLY. April, 1861. Now-H

Among the contributions to this number of a unique and valuable periodical are papers on "The Study of Law in Germany," " brary of Brown University," "Westminster Ab-bey," "Hugh Miller," "Theodore Parker," and others. The last named article is a discriminating and generous tribute to the personal character of the late celebrated beresiarch, and, at the some time, is a gratifying token of the independence and liberality of the conductors of the "Quarterly." We take from it the fellowing paragraphs, which will be interesting to a considerable portion of our readers:

"Quarterly." We take from it the fellowing paragraphs, which will be interesting to a considerable portion of our readers:

Beside his genius, in the minds of a portion, at least, of the world, the character of Fheedore Parker was a rid le. But, riddle or not, the schustor requires no sphinx. He was not so strange a being after all; only it was a strange light in which people regarded him. He was remarkable; for such genius, such schobstship, such virtuce, anch indicing energy, are each alone sufficient to render their poscessor remarkable. And true elements of the perfect character, and in his composition, coupled with no baneful exotics. Indeed, it requires no vast amount of mental acumen to understand such a man; and yet, where in the wide range of history do we find one whose character has occasioned more vague speculations and false typotheses, or whose life and de cas have caused more fears and foolish commotions among the masses of the people? And where is the cause? Where it exists by nature, with the people themselves. Unless some men have a threatened punishment before their eyes, or a promised reward held out to their expectant grap, they can see no motive for doing well, and their poor cowardly souls, instead of remaining apright in the image of God who created them, must sown, like the bissing serpent, and crawl away from his eight.

Of all Theodore Parker's enemies, none ever denied the excellency of his virtuces. The only charges brought against him are, a fancied unsoendates of theological views, and the learness energy with which he pursued public vice. And for meither of these—if he carried them to excess, as perhaps he cid—was he to blance. He would have been a fis in the teeth of nature had been observed their "darling sine" nevertheless, he became obnoxious; his vast acquirements as a sech lar, and more than usually penetrating intellect, enabled him to wrench from their foundation the fossit theories of one-dicase old fogies, and they haded him. Thus be stood before the world—visible, and

clans never tired of abusing, nor theologians of revilleshim. Considering the much be had to endure, is fet truly surprising how his feeble and delicate organization to long bore up. Pursuing his studies far into the night, and, often indeed, watching till the last star had grown pale in the dawning light, he retained the vigor of his intellect unimpaired, despite the curses heaped upon his head, or the prayers raised piously to Heaves for his annivalation. Held by his elected brethren as little better than a demon locaronte, and even prohibited their churches for fear, as it were, his very breath were pollution to their sacred atmosphere, querely and unobtrusively he moved onward, laboring in the discharge of his duties, yet uttering his sentiments with all the freedom that the great Nature he worshipped bestows upon her creatures. The value of that freedom he knew and acknowledged, and was at once the champion of free institutions, free speech, and the vindicator of free thought. He recognized liberty as the special gift of God to his children, and was never weary of battling in its cause. Public opinion, also, was no obstatle in his path. Perhaps he did not avoid the good will of mea, but it is certain that he did not fear their ill will. He never stood back with a hypocritical leer, saying, I believe so and so, but is it polley for me to preach it?—not he—but he came boldly out and told the world just what he thought and believedge and, though all mankind opposed him, and the press was rife with censure, still, true to his purpose, up pashed manfully on. The lines of his energy obe kindled, his own heart pointes the true course to be pursued, and the might of the hurricane could not swerve him from it. The Napoleou of his profession, he brought an admanatine will into the great battlefield of human rights, and retired from the areas with resident of the man and the pression to be husic Hall, and for this reason, while he paid the paid to the hamilitation of the world with that rere attendant on death-bedes—

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. April (L. Soott & Co. The claims of Mr. Charles Kingsley as a teacher of

history are subjected to a rigid examination in the opening article of this number. His inaugural lecture as Professor of History in the University of Cambridge is pronounced to be "bad, from the title-page to the conclusion—bad in conception and in execution, in argument, in style, and even in grammar." Even those who share his opinions have no reason to be proud of their champion, and however sound they may deem his principles, they must dread his chronic habit of pub-lishing. The public at large, the Reviewer thinks, will continue to prefer Mr. Kingsley's earlier writings, and if his name is remembered in the next generation, is will not be in connection with a Lecture on the Limits
of Exact Science as applied to History.—The Review is still more severe on the latest work of our famous countryman. Mr. R. W. Emerson, of whose "Esseys on the Conduct of Life" it remarks: "We are inclined to think tent they will add but little to his reputation, and may, perhaps, lead to a reconsideration of the grounds on which that reputation rears, with results far from favorable to its maintenance. We cannot remem-ber any author who has written so much on moral questions whose name is so completely unagociated with any definite doctrine; bis name does not even suggest any great subject fully treated, but stands for a certain manner and rhetains way of putting things in general, and even on the sopies he treats of we meet in his books no independent and original thoughts, but mere decultory musings; he has been called suggestive, but this is only true in the sense that all incomplements is suggestive; a suggestive writer must have something his own; extravagant dressing up of other me thoughts is not suggestive; the extravagance attrac otice, but the more attention you pay to such wattings, notice, but the more attention you pay to such wattings, the less satisfactory the result; the fair and attractive exterior is an dolusive as Dead-Sea apples. The sate of all his vehement exhortations is mostly some ordinary truism, or some string of antithetical opinions, without an attempt at solution; the vestiges of patient without an attempt at solution; the vestiges of pairs inquiry are rare indeed, the colors of good and evit are laid on with an equal band, and seldom more than the colors. Extravagant imagery and out-of-the-way filestration keep the reader in a constant state of surprise, but on laying down the book after the perusal of each cessay, it is difficult to say to what result the author has arrived at all proportionate to the fire and energy of the language. The mode, too, in which he treats his topice is as characteristic as the language; the strange disjointed heaps of seuteness might often he read back ward with as much effect as in the sequence in which ti ey are offered to the reader; there is no progress of thought, but loose remarks are accountlated round some arbitrary point which cannot be called a center. These easures, which characterize all Emerson's works, are more marked and edient in this last one; the manner ism which attracted when a novelty becomes oppressive in preportion to our familiarity with it; it has been ast of style that it is the man; but style presupposes fabor and thought, and is a source of endless enjoyment. It is with authors as it is with painters, those who have a style are immortal, but a mannerist, however popular be may be for a season, is soon forgotten, and after a time it becomes a matter of wonder that he was over an object of popular admiration. Mr. Emerson bas much in common with the mocking-bird of his own woods; of old he used to echo Fiche and Jose Paul, in the present volume be is evidently dominated by that discoputable countryman of his, Wait Whitman; many a page might be transferred to the notorious ' Leaves of Grass, of course to the cleanest and most decent of that strange production, which he obvioused the first fruit of American poetry."-There are other articles of interest in the number on "The Sicilian Revolution."
"Voltaire's Romances," "The Universities and Scientific Education," "The Cotton Manufacture," and

NEW MONETARY SYSTEM THE ONLY MEANS OF SECURING THE RESPECTIVE RIGHTS OF LABOR AND PROPERTY. BY EDWARD EXLESS. Address by MART KELLOGG PUTNAN. 12me. pp. 366. Redd & Carleton.

The late lamented author of this volume was a pr found and ingenious theorist in regard to the true fusc-tions of money as an agent of industry and commerce. His work entitled "Labor and other Capital," which was first published in the year 1849, attructed considerable attention by the originality of its views and the clearness and force of its illustrations, although its main positions have not communded the assent of any conspicuous authorities in the science of political coun omy. The volume now issued is a revised edition of that work, with numerous additions from the manu scripes of the author, prepared by his daughter, who had long been his amanueness, and familiar with his modes of thought and expression. The views of Mr. Kellogg tend to the establishment of a lower rate of interest than prevails in most commercial communities, and thus introducing a sounder relation between labor and espital; but his plan contemplates no sudden or descructive changes in the distribution of property or the stead course of business. the usual course of business.

SUMMARY OF MEDICAL SCIENCE. Edited by WALTEN S. WELLS, M. D. Port I. April, 1961. 870. Chadter T.

In this new medical serial, it is proposed by the ad-In this new medical serial, it is proposed by the editor to present a semi-annual digest of the articles possessing the greatest practical interest in the principal European and American medical journes, commencing with the year 1869, together wish contributions from eminent surgeons and physicians. It will thus furnish a view of the current progress of the besting art, a record of important surgical cases, and an account of new experiments and discoveries in therepoutes. The contests are arranged under the bands of Practical Medicine, Surgery, Miswissey, Tenticology